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State Highway in Front of College

STILL WITH US

• By Anthony Suelzer '35

HIS works have never grown stale, because none of his works has run shy of human appeal. That is why the quality of staleness has never reached into anything that came from the pen of Charles Dickens. Even though coming ages may not deal as kindly with his productions in general as the past hundred years have done, yet it would require an almost inhuman attitude on the part of coming ages; a perfectly effete taste for the real good things in literature, if "The Christmas Carol" should be allowed to pass into the rubbish heap of neglect. Whatever other book bearing the name of the great author, Charles Dickens, may come to be numbered among the "has beens," this little sketch will continue to live and will always draw renewed life from the annual recurrence of the Christmas festival itself.

That the "Carol" is written in prose, and that prose works palsy with age more quickly than poetic productions do, is no valid sign that it, too, will succumb to the disease of popular dislike, a disease usually brought on by changing taste in man's emotional adjustment. There is something so intensely human in the "Carol," a something that assures access to human emotions under any conditions of life, that inevitable changes in prose style, as years come along, will not be able to kill the human element which this happy little shred of genuine life enfolds. Of all the Christmas stories within the entire range of letters there is no other that has so much of the idea of this feast compressed within a few pages; so much of the spirit of this feast caught up in its words; so much of the very natural and common settings belonging to the Christmas celebration portrayed in its lively, though narrow plot.

It is not a spook story or a ghost frame-up, though the expression, "Marley was dead to begin with," gives promise of something blood-curdling. The image of Marley's face on the door-knocker, to be sure, causes Scrooge sufficient excitement to make his blood course a little faster, but Marley's look is so good-natured that after all the sudden apparition causes no further consternation than to make Scrooge aware that he is not alone. The antics he goes through in order to make sure that nobody is present in his rooms are of the normal kind. There is nothing excitingly hysterical about his movements. Even the unexpected ringing of an old, long-unused bell on the wall and the clanking of chains in the basement, together with a sudden flung-open door, bring no further exclamation of fright from Scrooge than, "It's humbug still, I'll not believe it!"

The other ghosts, one and all Christmas spirits, though there is also something weird about them, exercise only that degree of fear upon Scrooge which is necessary to teach him a wholesome yuletide lesson. These shades even grow friendly, talk in a considerate and kindly manner, are extremely serviceable, are ready with favors, and graciously listen to requests.

That the entire vision is a colossal dream does not detract from the interest of the story or from the impression which the planned lesson is to make. The old hard-fisted Scrooge is to be made over into a friendly, patient, generous man, one who will henceforth know that making people happy — poor people in particular — is the grandest show of human fellowship and the most excellent kind of joy-giving charity. Naturally, ghosts sent on a mission of this kind, as the lesson of the "Carol" indicates, do not belong to the scare-crow variety.

When Dickens himself says that the "Carol" made him laugh and weep by turns as he read it in complete form, and when hundreds of appreciative letters came to him during his life, especially at the Christmas season, telling him with what joy the "Carol" was read in homes, there is no chance left for guessing about the lofty merits of this little production. Mere sketch as it is, it can be read within an hour, but its impressive lesson will remain with the reader for days.

Having read the "Carol" once, anybody will realize that it is not at all surprising why it should retain its hold on popularity after this long round of years since first it was published. The reason for its mighty grip on the reader may not at once become clear upon a single perusal, but the reason makes itself felt, even if not immediately explainable. No doubt, Dickens had the reason in mind when he wrote the "Carol." The essence of the reason, as many critics avow, is the change that comes upon everybody at Christmas season, a change that will be felt, unless a person is hardened in materialism. This was the condition of Scrooge. All sympathy with his fellowmen had passed out of him. He could not even appreciate a Christmas greeting, or a New Year's wish. He was hardened, hardened to the core with selfishness and materialism. To free Scrooge from this thoroughly deadened state of being and to set him up as an example for others of his kind, Dickens put him through a cleansing process by means of dream-visions. In the course of what Scrooge was given to see in these visions, he was impelled to withdraw from his hard materialistic mode of living. Once this was accomplished in his case, he could enter into the real spirit and joy of Christmas.

Such alone could have been the only reason which Dickens had in mind when he composed the "Carol." The reason is fully Christian in character and would readily serve as a moral for a sermon. Only if the channel, the human heart, through which Christmas joys are to enter a man's life, is cleared of consciousness of self, of the engrossing striving after material gains; only when it is empty of the world, spotless of sin, then only can the divine experience belonging to this feast find entrance there. Scrooge is represented as having discovered this fact, for, when awakening from his dream and finding that it is Christmas morning, heedful of the instructions which his visions have given him, he forgets all about himself and thinks only of making others happy. "His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him."

It is said, "No sweeter, or healthier, or more cheerful work of fiction has even been written for young people, or for old ones too," than this "Carol." It teaches, firstly, the lesson of good will, and, miserliness and grouchiness as expressed in ill-will come in for being undone. Grumbling and complaining give way to an eagerness of

joy and to a satisfaction with one's lot in life that pave the road to a cheerfulness that makes man forget all other values excepting those that are holy, spiritual, human. Little wonder then that the great holiday in the twelfth month of every year revives interest in this most beautiful and thoughtful literary masterpiece. There is praise in it for what is good; there is counsel in it for becoming good. It is a prose carol of the human heart.

In the past many years the "Carol" could live only by being read. Thanks to the aid of the radio, this is no longer required in order to enable one to enjoy its message. On Christmas eve the voices engaged in its dramatization resound through countless homes. Certainly, Dickens could not even remotely suspect in his day that this little work of his would do more than any of his large volumes to spread the knowledge of his name and to give him everlasting fame. Even if a person were not to resort to any of the grotesque means of expressing happiness at Christmas time, such as holly-wreaths, evergreen trees, candles, a jumble of tidbits and sweetmeats, the like of which people employ to give vent to the exuberance of joy that is in them, if they will read or listen to the "Christmas Carol" of Dickens, the spirit of the feast will seize upon them and will hold them.

If it may be said that the success which attended all of Dickens' writings was due to his keen insight into popular needs and tastes, then it must be admitted that in his "Christmas Carol" he came to be most intimately 'en rapport' with that emotion of joy which fills the human heart to overflowing and wrings from that heart the most cordial thanks and the most perfect good-will towards him.

The Colosseum

by

G. W. Heinzen '35

An idol huge, thou holdest fast thy throne,
  While murmuring ages speak thy haughty guilt,
Recalling how in thee great Saints have moaned
  In sad disgrace to walls which Titus built.
"Thumbs down" was not infrequent to thy sight,
  As victors screamed their lusty shouts of joy;
But now thy arches stand bereaved of fight,
  While thy great form is but a tourist's toy.

Yet even so, thy strength dares to defy
  The teeth of time; the tempest's doughty blows,
As erst thy walls sustained the noisy cry
  That rose above the din of bloody shows.
If man will seek where history has its home,
  Thy stony index points with pride to Rome.

WING LEE'S CHRISTMAS VENTURE

• By Edward Hession '35

PLEASE excuse my humble — why, Mrs. Copsey, glad, glad to see you!" gasped Wing Lee as he turned the corner and gently bumped into Mrs. Tilda Copsey. "I was just coming to pay you the honorable visit I promised to make —."

"Wing Lee," echoed the rather plump elderly lady, "You're a sight for sore eyes as surely as I live and breathe."

"And I return the flattery with interest," replied the fairly well educated young Chinaman. He added with a smirk from his thick lips, "I believe that you've been slenderizing again, ah, — er — reducing, if I'm allowed the expression."

"You old dear, you must come up and spend the holidays with me and mine. I don't know what ever possessed you to make you leave as you did."

They trod their way through a few inches of snow and halted before a well built mansion. It was a sheer bit of heaven for Lee to step inside and sink into his favorite soft-cushioned chair again. Two years had passed since he had left the Copsey home, and he had longed for that easy chair often during that time.

"Tell me, Wing Lee," Mrs. Copsey began after she had laid aside her wraps, "what have you done with yourself during the past couple of years?"

"Ah, Mrs. Copsey, much have I done in that time. Shall I tell you the entire story? If you will listen, I shall say that I am now employed by the honorable Mr. Goody in his department store in San Diego. This Mr. Goody impressed me at first as being qualified to be a champion wrestler. He carries many pounds of fat and muscle, mostly around the waist. His face resembles in every way the profile of that stern-looking bulldog of yours, the one I took for a daily airing at the time when I assisted you with the house work. Also I would not choose to be the cigar which he wears between his teeth. He puffs and bites it at the same time, particularly so when he is ready to give commands. But very soon after I got my first week's pay, I began to like him. After six months had slipped by, I was still Mr. Goody's faithful employee, but I was no longer a mere delivery boy. I shall tell you how this came about. One day, now a year ago, as I returned from delivering a package, I discovered Mr. Goody arguing with a clerk, named Tramer. He finally told Tramer to leave the store on account of loafing. But the honorable Tramer would not leave; he wanted to fight. Mr. Goody looking at me quite excitedly said:

'Wing Lee, come here and help me put this man out.'

"To me the situation seemed puzzling. I looked at Tramer very dizzy-like; Mr. Goody looked at me very savage-like. There was Tramer looking all fire-like.

"How shall I set about putting him out, I asked?

'Throw him out!' Mr. Goody commanded, 'and don't stop to ask how.'

"Ah, I catch what he means pretty soon

and quickly have the honorable clerk exiled to the street.

'Wing Lee,' he said to me as I was busy brushing a bit of dust from my pants legs, 'you are a good lad, and I shall reward you.'

"Shortly afterwards he raised me to the rank of first clerk in his store. For this kindness I am grateful to him and shall continue to serve him faithfully for all coming years. To show his confidence in me, he soon detailed me to a job in which he was always highly interested. You may not know that Mr. Goody is a great philanthropist. At least people say that of him, and I have found out that he is such. Now this was the job he wanted me to undertake. One day he said to me:

'Tomorrow is Christmas eve, Wing Lee,' — Of course I knew that already, — but he went on to say, 'do you think that you could play Santa Claus for the children? I shall throw a party for them, and I want you to scatter the gifts in Santa Claus' custom and in a Santa Claus costume. Will you do it?'

"I looked at him, and he returned my gaze very quizzically. Then I looked at myself. I wondered how I was to play Santa Claus without due proportions about the waist? All that I had ever seen of that pleasant old fellow showed me that he had large dimensions. So I asked how it might be possible for me to get big about the stomach when I was thin to the vanishing point?

Mr. Goody smilingly answered, 'We'll fix that up.'

"Accordingly on the evening of the appointed day, I found myself at the Goody residence. I was taken in by the side door so that the children, a large number of them, who were enjoying a party in the front rooms of the mansion would not notice me. Everything was ready for my make-up when I arrived. There on the bed in Mr. Goody's bedroom lay red breeches, red coat, bushy whiskers. Two pillows without slips caused me to wonder as to their meaning. All the accoutrements were by far too large for me. When I complained of this, the meaning of the two pillows came into evidence.

'These pillows will put a stomach and a paunch to you,' Mr. Goody observed smilingly.

"Without further ado, I slipped into the make-up. The pillows put the finishing touches to my size. With their aid, pants and coat fit almost perfectly. The cap was no bother, but the whiskers proved to be a nuisance; they tickled my face and throat so doggedly that I had to laugh. It is not astonishing that Santa Claus always smiles; his whiskers are the fault of that. As I looked in the mirror, I no longer saw Wing Lee, no, I was a stranger to myself; I was a man from another world.

'You look so nice,' said Mr. Goody, 'the children will be delighted with you.'

"To get me out of the house unobserved, Mr. Goody led me, dressed as I was, through the kitchen. My progress was slow through that kitchen. Such an engrossing spectacle as there met my eyes, I had never seen before. Cakes, candies, ice cream, sweet-frosted Christmas trees, in fact every variety of delicacy lay heaped up in great profusion. Several large, dressed turkeys, awaiting the oven, in particular caught my eye. Presently steps were heard.

'Duck!' ordered Mr. Goody.

"Naw, it's turkey, I argued foolishly.

'I mean get out and hide,' he insisted.

"Once outside of the kitchen, in the cold

north wind, I quickly came to my senses. I felt that I was Santa Claus. Snow fell on me as never before just because I had more surface about me than ever before. I was glad to be encased in pillows; they protected me from the cold.

"When the coast was again clear, Mr. Goody called me in and gave me a huge bag of toys with candy enough to feed a regiment. Leaving orders with me to rap at the door in a little while, he went into the room among the children. I did rap, and immediately the door flew open.

'Santa Claus is here,' shouted Mr. Goody.

"The children stopped their games and stood as if frozen with surprise. I tried to act comically and say funny things, but at this I was a failure. I was more handy at handing out gifts. You see, Mrs. Copsey, I am accustomed to handing out things in the store. Gradually the children became more lively. They screamed with delight and shouted their thanks for the gifts received. As the bag became empty, I pulled a big star out of it. Dancing about me in glee, the children demanded that I should mount the star on the Christmas tree. Mr. Goody quickly brought a stepladder to accommodate me. But here I faced disaster. I was so clumsy in mounting the ladder that I fell to the floor. A button burst from my coat and scudded about until a little girl picked it up. In the meanwhile Mr. Goody picked me up. While I was assuring the children that I, Santa Claus, was not hurt, the little girl edged up to me to return the button. She seemed ready to weep. I coddled her and inquired why she was so sad. She handed me a letter and began to explain that she wanted to send the letter but could not find out the name of my home town in the country of the North Pole.

"On opening the letter I read: 'Dear Santa, I am only seven years old. Since daddy has no work, we have hardly anything to eat. I don't care if I get a present or not, but do bring something for mamma. She is sick, and help daddy get a job. Thank you. — Irene.'

"So you're Irene, I said. What is your last name?

'Irene Tramer," she answered.

"Oh, that name, Tramer, Tramer! It stabbed me to the heart. You see, Mrs. Copsey, we Chinamen have a heart. We pity one another for being Chinamen. We also know how to have pity on others. Tramer! I had thrown him out of the store and had taken his job. True, I did it to please Mr. Goody, and I felt big about it at the time, but now I felt sad. Even under all my Santa Claus trappings my heart felt troubled at the news in that child's letter. At once I went over to Mr. Goody and told him all about the affair. Mr. Goody called little Irene, and after finding out from her that she was the schoolmate of his own little daughter and the child of his former clerk, he felt as deeply touched as I was at the plight in which she and her family had come. Turning to me, Mr. Goody inquired:

'What shall we do about this affair of little Irene?'

"I replied that I had a plan. Just then and there we would give Irene some money to relieve her immediate wants, and that we should call on her father and give him part-time work on condition that he would quit his loafing. The plan seemed all right to Mr. Goody. So together we gave Irene ten dollars and told her to go home and tell her father that he had a job again and

where to report for work. The part-time work, Mrs. Copsey, which has come to Mr. Tramer means that he and I change off every month at the store. I am glad to say that Mr. Tramer has completely changed his ways, and Mr. Goody now considers him a faithful clerk. By giving him half of my time to earn something, little Irene at least will have food and clothing. This was the answer which Santa Claus gave to her letter. Now what do you think of me, Mrs. Copsey, was I a good Santa Claus? All that I've been telling you happened just a year ago, but I'm still feeling happy about the affair. This evening I'm with you, not as Santa Claus, but as a guest, and it became possible for me to visit you because Mr. Tramer is working at the store during this month of December."

"Wing Lee, you are an angel," cut in Mrs. Copsey. "You have the right name; you give wings to the Christmas spirit wherever you go. Your story has made me feel happy, yes, even happier than if you had brought me the finest Christmas dinner. I'm glad to have you with me again. I know, of course, that you are hungry — as usual. Come to the dining room. We shall not have a banquet tonight, but on Christmas Day, tomorrow, we shall feast on turkey."

So saying Mrs. Copsey lightly pulled Wing Lee by the ear.

"Ouch," cried Wing Lee, "my ears are not wings, Mrs. Copsey, but for all your pulling of them, I'm glad to be here."

At the table Wing Lee entertained his host, Mrs. Copsey, with incidents relating to his clerking in the store, but nothing that he said could crowd the happy remembrance of his Christmas venture from his mind.

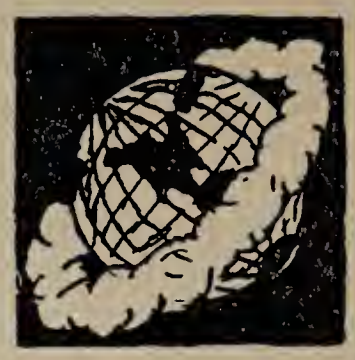
To A Cloud

by

J. A. Klinker '35

Where dost thou flee, O fleeting fleecy cloud,
  Thou floating beauty of the boundless sky?
In thy soft drapes refreshing showers shroud
  Prepared to quench the thirst of gardens dry.
Perhaps the tender feet of goddess, fair
  Minerva, on thy ermine mantle trod;
Perhaps thou art a hoarded treasure rare,
  Dispensed to earth from loving hands of God.

O priceless gift! I wish to be like thee;
  To fill the life of everyone I greet
With every cheer and happiness and glee.
  And if life's trials and troubles I should meet,
I shall recall thy silver lining bright
  And gladly follow its consoling light.



THE BIGGEST ONION

• By George Heinzen '35

IF I were to take an ordinary onion in my hand and peel off its layers of skin in order to see what is inside of this pungent vegetable that makes it "hold sharp combat with sight and smell," I should probably arrive at nothing. As far as my knowledge soars, the onion is all skin, and its skin is all onion. Matters stand just the same way with all other bulbous vegetables, whether larger or smaller than the onion, and in fact they stand just the same way with this great earth on which man lives and stakes his gains. I may appear to be trifling in making this statement. But trifles often coalesce into big ideas. Quite as layers of skin ride on top of one another to make up the ordinary onion, so layers upon layers of matter ride on top of one another to form this, the biggest of all onions, the earth itself.

Does not exploring in the form of drilling upwards and downwards from its surface prove the onion-like structure of what is known to man as the earth? Do not aeronauts encounter layers of different thickness in the outer skins of this vast onion, just as well as delvers into its harder core discover what may be termed skins and hides of various dimensions? Not that I have made any such observations personally. I shall gladly leave these honors to those who are adept at gaining them. But it is just those individuals, who have made names for themselves in this employment who are always telling of layers and skins in the form of strata, coverings, divisions and the like, such as cannot fail to bring the idea of an onion to one's mind. Surely, I would enjoy coming into direct contact with the experiences which these men have had, but I shall never be able to do so. "Mother Earth" seemingly holds me so dear that she will never allow me to escape from her lap, however much I should desire to wander out of her sight. To make me stay 'put' right where I am, and that for the space of my life, I have been furnished with an unconquerable acrophobia. This complex will keep me from flying away, and aside from it, I have another complex, claustrophobia, which will keep me from burying myself. Hence I shall never be sufficiently daring to satisfy my ambitions at exploring this old earth-onion individually.

Fortunately for me and for others of my disposition, there are Daedaluses who will not hesitate to bore upwards in order to find out how many skins of the thinner variety lie towards the outside of this big earth-onion; and there are Empedocleses in plenty, who will do the required downward boring to discover how many thicknesses of skins lie towards the center. It is the former who have already found

that this big earth-onion has an atmosphere which is all layered through with other spheres, such as the Inosphere, the Stratosphere, the Heaviside-sphere, the Appleton-sphere, and two or three Mimnospheres. Each of these is warranted by discoverers to carry special properties, even as the thinner, outside skins of the ordinary onion carry different degrees of odor and different quantities of mineral matter.

The latter, the Empedocleses, have not hesitated to plunge, whether it be into chasms, crevasses, or craters in order to find that this big earth-onion has a lithosphere, a hydrosphere, and a centrosphere. All these are shot through with skins, layers, and peelings of various sizes, so at least the doughty fellows who have examined these things tell me. Some of these daring borers have not come back alive; neither did the first Empedocles, who jumped into the crater of Mount Etna centuries ago. Yet like him, they have left records, either of their undertakings, or of their discoveries. But others did come back perfectly alive to bear witness to the horrors and delights which they experienced in their risky enterprises. What all these men have to say bears out my idea that an ordinary onion is the best image of how this hoary old earth is put together.

The work of both these classes of borers — human borers, of course, in this instance — is not without value, for in the layers and skins of this big earth-onion, things have been found that stagger the imagination of man. The first and the most interesting, though the most contested, is the age of this, the roughest and smelliest of all onion-like things. No one, of course, can be sure about this question of age; not anymore than I can be absolutely sure of the age of an ordinary onion by merely looking at its skins. Yet some remarkable conclusions have been developed concerning this question of age, conclusions that very well warrant all the boring that has been done by these tireless probers and searchers. Judging from what I have read about their findings, I would rejoice exceedingly if it were given me to join hands with these borers in both their dizzy and gloomy undertakings, but my natural phobias stand in my way.

Certainly, no man will ever peel this big earth-onion to the core, or will ever reach its outermost skin. There would likely be little benefit in going to either of these extremes. Like in the common onion, the outside is worth nothing; and the inmost side is worth nothing. So it is supposed to be the case with the biggest of all onions, this earth on which man lives. The ultimate outside layer borders on vacuity, and the inmost layer runs to vacuity. Not all agree on this point, but a sufficient number agree to make the idea plausible. Gorgeous as this, the biggest of all onions, the earth looks, its wrappings may be the most valuable thing about it, similarly as the wrappings are more valuable than the humpty-dumpty inclosed in a Christmas package intended to be a joker. Naturally, if it depended on me personally, little would ever be done about these wrappings of the big earth-onion; my phobias would insistently warn me away.

There are things, however, other than mere age about which the Daedaluses and Empedocleses, who bore their way through the old earth-onion, have much to tell for my benefit, as well as for the benefit of others of my ilk. The first of these, whose business it is to drill upward from the earth's surface, return from their exploits

with stories of the clearest blue skies, of glistening sparkles encircling every star, of cosmic rays, of an atmosphere thinner than the lightest gas, and of other wonders that might well make a man's head reel with astonishment. How dreary is not the lot of the person who, because he is endowed with a poor balancing apparatus in his head, finds himself condemned to remain safely on the more solid layers of the big earth-onion with never a prospect coming his way to see wonders outside of the every-day kind!

The Empedocleses, the second of this class of borers — the real borers for that matter — who go on delving journeys deep into the hard skins of the earth-onion, return with marvelous tales about wonders that beggar description. It is not only tales, however, that they have to relate. They bring along specimens of minerals and precious stones that fairly set men crazy with greed. Here again, those who like myself are haunted by the nightmare of claustrophobia, must be satisfied with what others bring them, while the real go-getters always have the first chance to "get while getting is good."

But there is this consolation in the face of all the disadvantages which I must bear, when there is question of exploring this old earth-onion, either upwards or downwards, that I shall never perform heroic deeds in this respect only to be forgotten by posterity. That the names of discoverers grow old as time runs along, and that their glory fades are facts which everybody knows. It may be said that the excuse I give is nothing more than "sour grapes" in my case, but then, I would rather put up with "sour grapes" than have any of my phobias excited. Very contentedly I shall read about the exploits of bolder men than I in this project of counting the layers of the biggest of all onions, the earth, if only I shall not find myself tormented by altitudes or depths.

May those, therefore, who envy Daedalus, do so to their own delight; and may those who wish to vie with Empedocles have their pleasure. For my part, I shall be satisfied to stay on the hard lithosphere layer of the great earth-onion and leave all thoughts of examining its numerous peelings behind. In the following doggerel, I find my consolation:

Not for diamonds;
Not for pelf;
Not for gold
To please myself,
Shall I turn this earth around
And look at things all upside down.

That the old earth-onion will continue to wabble along on its axis in spite of man's drilling and exploring is the irony of it all. It will adhere to its own laws and follow its own course irrespective of any interference and may well regard man with all his digging and flying as being little better than a louse on its back crawling about among its hairy vegetation looking for food.



Christmas Night

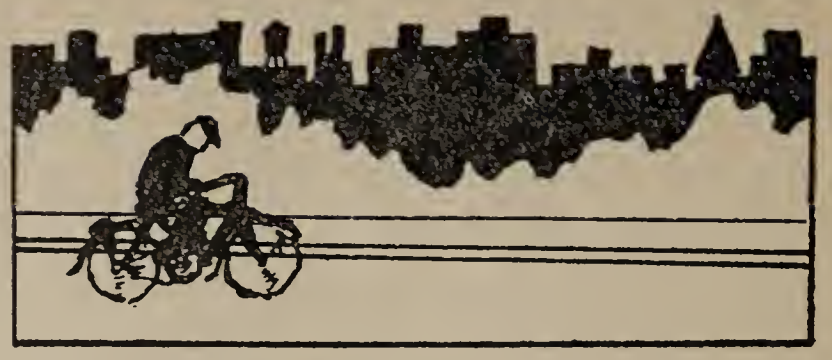
by

G. La Fontain '35

Thou cam'st to us on Christmas night;
O helpless Babe!
O God of might!
That on earth Thou mightst atone
The sins of man,
Didst Thou exchange
A heavenly throne
For stable stall,
Thou the Lord and God of all?

Ancient Prophets have foretold
This wondrous thing in times of old,
That through Thee the dawn of grace
Would find on earth its fitting place.
Now Thou com'st with might of love
To bring God's pleasure from above
That all men may find in Thee
The model of sweet charity.

May earth put on its purest white
To honor Him,
The God of light;
Change this night to lovely day
And ban for aye
All grief and pain;
Let pleasure stay
Within man's heart
Whence all evil should depart.



THE BICYCLE STAGES A COMEBACK

• By Victor J. Ranly '35

LIKE history, contrivances belonging to social life often stage a recrudescence. The bicycle, with its ever increasing number of riders, appears to be one of these resurrected skeletons. That it will ever again enjoy the popularity which it had during the balmy nineties of the past century, as newspaper clippings and advertisements indicate, may well be questioned. Later developments in locomotion have so thoroughly out-stripped the speed of the bicycle that a comeback to its bygone glory may well-nigh be impossible. Yet the almost-forgotten and completely outmoded tandem-speeder is putting up a hard fight to come back into its own. It is beginning to show itself with more and more good grace on the country thoroughfares and on the streets of our cities and towns. That social fads may help it back into popular favor, at least to a certain extent, is more than likely. Fads always have a way of bluffing the impossible into the possible. So it may turn out concerning the bicycle.

Only very recently, in fact hardly a year ago, a fad boosted bicycle-riding right in Hollywood where for several months no one was a star without the so-called 'bike.' Then, too, there was a "Bicycle Day" at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. Several thousand enthusiasts, taking advantage of free admission to the fair grounds, turned cyclists for the occasion. Although these instances of bicycle enthusiasm were mere sporadic occurrences, yet they indicate that this outmoded vehicle, with its health-giving exercise, is regaining favor, and that, even if it came near being thrust into oblivion, it has a splendid chance to come back into extensive use.

For those who cannot afford a speedier and more enjoyable means of travel, the revival of the bicycle as a means of conveyance is a real boon. In this age of speed, a speed that has hardly been slowed down by the depression, walking great distances — unless this be done in a contest — is out of the question. To resort to the outworn horse and buggy would bring a blush of shame to the face of even the most calloused joy-rider. The automobile is ordinarily too expensive a luxury for people living on depression wages. What other means of rolling along with the swift current of modern times could then be more suitable than a good bicycle? With a little care, its life will be a long one; with little expense it can be operated over thousands of miles. It requires no garage; it calls for no fuel stations. Its motive power is the feet of the rider; for the real bicycle does not belong to the

motor kind, but depends upon foot-power as applied to treadles.

People with small pocketbooks and large social ambitions would find in the old tandem-wheel a source of real consolation. All they would need, in place of wide parking spaces or even convenient sheds for autos, is a bicycle rack at the front doors of their humble homes. By adding two, three, and four stalls to these racks, they could easily flaunt their measure of popularity and hospitality. Magazines and newspapers, now forty years old, vouch for it that such was the practice even among the upper "four hundred" in times that at present appear so inviting, when given a backward gaze, in the mellow sunlight of long ago. Hence for the social benefit of people, the bicycle cannot stage a comeback that will be too speedy or in the least measure unwelcomed. But it is coming, and the consolation it carries on its small inflated tires seemingly is not far distant.

Once high-toned young ladies will again take to bicycle riding, as they did when this vehicle was in fashionable use, the social scales will tilt so rapidly in its favor that public highways will have to be provided with extra bicycle runways to accommodate the traffic. Why should they not hurry to lend a helping hand in the resurrection of an article of such enormous convenience? Especially is this so, since riding a bicycle, a horse, or an auto can in nowise detract from the grace and dignity of any social hussy. That many people at present, who are by now unaccustomed to the spectacle of a young lady on a bicycle, would feel distinctly outraged at such a sight ought in no way act as a deterrent for her, as much prejudice is merely a piece of social snobbery. Once this prejudice is overcome, why, it might not be very long before people would be thoroughly amused to see a newly-elected President of the United States riding on a fancy foot-treadle bicycle to the dais on which he is to make his inaugural address. Why should people be spared this sight? The bicycle is a noble, dignified, speedy and glorious vehicle, one suitable for any and every occasion. So many reports of novel things are at the present day circulated in papers and magazines that any unusual sight will not appear astonishing when it come along. Therefore, give the bicycle its day again.

As reports of past years show, bicycle races were in popular demand as a public amusement. Would not such races be amusing today if they returned into vogue? If it is interesting to see automobiles rush along at lightning speed, then surely it could hardly be less interesting to see cyclists flash along like streaks of fire in an effort to win a prize. Here there would be a contest into which enters little more than mere human strength, ingenuity, and skill; just the things that always make a contest supremely interesting. The horse or the automobile directed by the hand of a man in a speed contest is mostly a beast race or a machine race, but not a human race. Then, too, there are stunts and tricks which nimble cyclists can perform that are scarcely less exciting and delightful to spectators than the pranks of circus clowns, while in other races there is little else to see besides dangerous speed. The motor bicycle, of course, does not enter into these considerations, for it has transcended its class and has come to be too much of a mere machine to allow it to be classed with the regular old-time sport wheels. Perhaps it is sad, but true,

that bicycle races will never stage a comeback, but would it not be delightful if they did come back?

If the bicycle were to return to more regular and wider use, then again those days of simple enjoyment might also return on which a group of pedal-pushers would join one another for the mere sport of a long ride, or for outdoor picnic. There could hardly be a more enjoyable scene than that presented by a merry group of people going for a day's outing with lunch packs on their backs and with nothing to worry them on their minds, only bent on having a gay and perfectly hilarious time. That such days of outing did exist with their usual happy excursions on bicycles is a matter of record. How pleasant would it not be if just such days would come along frequently during the year in these ultra-modern times? There would be more real living; less nervousness; more happiness; less depression talk; more simple enjoyment, and less social snobbery. May the common bicycle come, and that very soon, with a pack of these really happy days on its saddle!

That the old-fashioned tandem-wheel should roll right up the hill to its former glory is not altogether necessary. Neither will it be able to do as much. Customs have come to be too doggedly conceited to permit the staging of such a trick, no matter how desirable the trick might be in itself. Fortunately the bicycle has never been pushed off the earth altogether, and, "as a worthy man can never be defeated," so this worthy vehicle, worthy for both business and pleasure, will undoubtedly have its chance to re-enter the life of people with the countless facilities it offers for service. To pave the way for its quick return to general use and full respectability, it were well if a million bicycles would be scattered far and wide throughout the land as gifts from Santa Claus at Christmas seasons. Who should do the scattering is another question — oh, an idle question; it simply ought to be done. It would prove a blessing for young and old, especially for the poor, for poor students at colleges above all, for they have to do more walking, since they have no bicycles, than any other group of people in the world. But the signs of the times are hopeful for the bicycle. Are not 'cookie-dusters,' goatees, and mustaches, yes, even sideburns insisting on returning into vogue? If these quasi-barbarous things can bend man's will to their bidding, then surely the bicycle has a superb chance to do the same — a chance which it is evidently using to good advantage, as its ever increasing numbers show, to stage a real and lasting comeback.



The Magi

by

J. A. Nienberg '35

In whirling dance the snow fell fast
And drifted high,
While o'er the frozen ground,
The chill wind blew a merry blast
With pensive sigh
That died in echo's sound.

Beyond in sparkling moonlit sky
A star shone bright
And sent its urgent call
As if it too might prophesy
About the Light
Which came as King of all.

The Magi hence were led to see
On bed of straw
God's only Son recline;
While ox and ass looked on in glee
Where man in awe
Should find a Child divine.

Here then with gifts and holy love
These Kings adored
The One for Whom in song
The Angels caroled from above
In heaven's lore:
The Mighty and the Strong.

And even though I'm not a king
I'll join the throng
Of those who came to find
The One for Whom God's choirs sing
The year along
And keep Him well in mind.

BETWEEN COUNTERS

• By John Samis '35

SHOP lights glowed, traffic hurried, street cars bulged with jovial riders. It was the last shopping day before Christmas. To help brighten the yuletide spirit snow flurries hovered about the skies and everywhere the snow gathered in little banks on the ledges of display windows of stores to make the vast jumble of Christmas toys look exquisitely attractive.

Little Jackie McElry had heard of all this toy show. He would go to see it himself. Stories had reached him how Santa Claus would surely be abroad on a day like this when the snow was flying, when people were gathering to laugh and joke with this merry old fellow, when toys of every kind could be seen in endless variety. Impatiently he importuned his mother to let him go to see the sights in toyland. There he might see old Santa himself and make arrangements for the gifts he wanted. At length his mother consented to let him go.

"Jim," she said to her oldest son, "will you take Jackie to visit Santa Claus?"

"Surely, I will," Jim assented. Then turning to his little brother he ordered. "Get ready, Jackie, we'll be out for a good time."

Jackie was wild with excitement. His curiosity knew no bounds. On the street car, he showered Jim roundly with questions, mostly embarrassing questions. He came to be so loud and boisterous that Jim almost regretted having taken him along. Trying to silence him, Jim said:

"Sh, Jackie, you talk too much. Sit down and be quiet."

At these words, Jackie clambered to the straw-woven seat and was quiet, but only for a moment.

"Jim, Jim," he began, "you didn't have to pay my fare. No, I was standing behind you. That man with the blue coat never saw me. Why did you pay my fare? That man doesn't need the money, but Santa Claus does. When will we get to where Santa Claus is, Jim? Tell me."

"Jackie, be quiet, or we'll never get there," Jim answered.

Again a few moments of silence ensued. But there was no idea in Jackie's mind that silence also implied sitting still. He was mostly standing on the seat in the car, and presently turning as if he would address the crowd, he fairly shouted to Jim:

"Look, look, Jim, at the great big brown spots on that woman's coat! Don't you like that coat? I like it. I wonder if she likes it. I saw a coat like that at the picture show last Sunday. The brown spots look like my little dog —."

Several of the passengers began to laugh at these observations. The lady, however, merely smiled. As she made ready to leave the car, she stepped over to Jackie and patted his head saying:

"You're a cute little fellow; where are you going?"

"I'm going to see Santa Claus, and Jim has to take me there. If he won't, I'll tell Ma."

Jim pulled Jackie down to the seat and threw his overcoat over him to force him into silence.

"Market Street," shouted the conductor.

"Here's where we get off, Jackie, come on," said Jim feeling much relieved at the thought of avoiding further embarrassment.

" 'Member, Jim, 'member, Jim," Jackie began as they were on the street, "I want to see, I want to see —."

"Yes, yes, I know what you want to see," replied Jim rather vexed at his little brother's importunity. "Come right into this big store."

"Oh, look, look, Jim," yelled Jackie as they entered the store, "there is Santa Claus. I want to say something to him." So saying, he tore loose from Jim and scampered away between counters and among Christmas trees and along endless lines of shoppers with Jim hot in pursuit.

"If ever I lay my hands on him —," Jim paused at one of the less frequented counters to catch his breath, "I'll tan him sore."

Just then a childish war whoop rent the air followed by the rapid bang, bang, bang, from a firing toy pistol. The little desperado, Jackie, already had a toy and was forcing his way through a crowd of customers towards a lady whom he spied. She was the one wearing the coat with the large brown spots, the spots that had attracted his attention while he was riding on the street car.

"Stick 'em up, stick 'em up!" he shouted at the lady.

As she turned towards Jackie and smilingly began to speak to him, a lanky, black-hatted fellow snatched the purse from her hand and tried to make his way out of the crowd. The lady screamed.

By this time Jim had laid hands on Jackie and was attempting to quiet him down. But the little fellow again broke away, ran after the sneakthief and yelled:

"He took her purse, he took her purse, Jim!"

At Jackie's shouts, Jim looked up and caught a glimpse of the rascal, who was roughly working his way through the crowd of customers toward the exit of the store. Being an athlete of the football grid, Jim did not wait to take a second thought. His one thought was to make a "down." The fleeing thief had just reached the street when Jim laid hold on him. There was a thud on the sidewalk; squirming bodies; arms and legs flying wildly. The sturdy half back had downed his man.

In a short time the police were on the scene. Jim's explanation was brief; his victim was arrested. The purse was restored to the lady wearing the brown-spotted coat. She now caressed Jackie fondly. Meanwhile the manager of the store had heard about the whole affair. He called for Jim and Jackie and for the lady who had been robbed. When they came to him, the manager at once picked up Jackie and seated him on the office desk.

"My, but you are a husky little fellow. Your weight tells me as much. Let me congratulate you, little man, for being wide awake. You were the first to see the robber, so I'm told. Bright lad, you are."

"But I didn't know that he was a robber," Jackie replied to the kindly words of the manager.

"Modest little fellow you are in the bargain," returned the manager. "Now go over to Santa Claus yonder and give him this paper. He'll entertain you while I speak to your brother, Jim."

Jackie trotted over to Santa Claus, who took the paper and, seeing the instructions which the manager had written for his direction, began to amuse the little fellow with toys and to give him such gifts as had been indicated. In the meantime the manager complimented Jim for his ready help in ridding the store of a nuisance by capturing the sneakthief, one who had evidently been annoying customers during all the busy shopping days preceding Christmas. But it was not only compliments that Jim received. A new suit of clothes, together with a twenty-dollar bill, came to him as a reward.

Jim now went in search of his little brother. He found him sitting on Santa Claus' knee talking as lively as ever.

"I understand that your little brother is early qualifying to be a detective," said Santa Claus addressing Jim.

"Well, the brat usually sees more and talks more and annoys people more than he ought to do," answered Jim, "but for once his seeing and talking and tumbling about had a good result."

"Had a good result, indeed!" returned Santa Claus. "Here are several boxes and parcels that you must help the little fellow carry home. They contain presents, the ones he has chosen; presents for being a wide-awake lad. Now, good-day to you both and a most Merry Christmas."

Jim and Jackie had so many bundles and parcels to carry that they could hardly manage the load. To add to their burden, the lady wearing the brown-spotted coat, having given her testimony of the attempted robbery to the manager of the store, now came to meet them with more packages of gifts in return for the favor they had done in helping her recover her purse.

"We shall have to hire a dray, Jackie, if Santa Claus will not put an end to his kindness," Jim was saying when a friend happened along and offered to give them a lift with his auto.

As Jim and Jackie arrived home and alighted from the auto with all their bundles and parcels, their mother met them with a frown. The one thought which bothered her mind was the large sum of money they must have spent on their visit to Santa Claus. But Jim hurried to explain how they had not spent more than their street car fare and that only one way. With amazement and delight their mother listened as Jim told the whole story with many references to Jackie's conduct. The little brother's rudeness and bothersome ways were emphasized in that story, but also his alertness and what people said of him received notice. When their mother had heard the story and had found that all the things brought home were gifts, together with money for the feat which Jim had performed with Jackie's help, she turned to her little son and said caressingly:

"So you did a brave deed, sonny; now tell me what you think of Santa Claus."

"Oh, mamma, I'm so glad that I've seen Santa Claus. He is a nice man. He let me pick out all the toys I wanted," Jackie explained, "and then just think, mamma, he held me on his knee and let me pull his whiskers."

FOR WHOSE SAKE?

• By Michael J. Stohr '35

"ALL aboard!" shouted the conductor as the Midnight Special was about to leave the station. With a thrill James Twill heard this command as he nestled down cozily in his seat. He was captain of the basketball team at Bleith College, and the team was with him on its way to Upton where, as the coach forewarned, a stiff contest was in prospect. That his team would win — must win — was the one idea which held James' mind in tow. It could not be otherwise; he would not entertain the thought that it could be otherwise. But he wanted to make sure that every member of the team thought about the outcome of the game as he did. He, therefore, turned to those players who were seated near him in the car and said:

"Boys, our coach told us as we left home that we were headed for a dangerous expedition. This basketball team that we plan to meet is reputed to be the best on our entire schedule. We know that it is a superior team, but so are we a superior team. We must win, boys, we must win!"

"Ah, Cap, don't fear," replied a husky bully, "we've got tricks to sell and pep to waste in comparison with anything that our opponents have to offer. There is no need to be nervous. Wait until we show up on the floor; we'll boss the score all right. There is no guessing about that."

These were the words James Twill wanted to hear. Besides, the other players appeared to be in accord with the notions of this champion player. Courage was visible on the faces before him. What he heard and saw put him at ease. As far as he was concerned, the game was won already. He anticipated the happy feeling that would be his when on the next train he was to board, he would be headed for home to enjoy the pending Christmas vacation. Then, too, the game would be broadcast. His mother would know all about the victory. This honor, together with the good report of his scholastic standing, which had preceded him to his home, would make the meeting with her an unusually happy one. He wondered if the other members of the team felt as he did about coming events, and if they, too, were indulging cheerful hopes similar to those he was entertaining. If they did not, it was their own hard luck, he concluded, and he proceeded to revolve in his mind all the possible joys that awaited him.

About him, his fellow teammates fell to snoring. The 'wee small' hours in the morning were inviting to sleep, but James Twill could not sleep. In his mind thoughts whirled about as if racing with the dancing snowflakes in the fiercely howling December wind. He sought to turn his mind from the coming game by reflecting on Christmas joys and on the happiness that awaited him at home. But his efforts in this regard were to no avail. After three hours had passed, the train stopped. It was not as yet Upton; that place had to be reached by a considerable ride on a bus. The frosty morning air and the

whistling wind soon made an end to sleepy feelings among the members of the team as they stepped from the cozy railway coach and scurried over to the waiting bus.

"Gorsh, but this is a chilly wagon!" several were heard to exclaim as they crowded into the seats of the bus.

"Well, it's the best I can do for you right now. The heater doesn't work," replied the driver. "But I expect that we'll all be warm before we get through the snow drifts that'll be blocking our way along the road."

"What does he mean, James?" one of the team asked. "It seems to be a polite hint that we'll have to walk, how about that?"

"How about it? I think that if we stay in this caboose very long, we shall be nothing more than a load of frozen corpses. I hope that we shall soon get some of the exercise to which the driver evidently refers," answered James.

"How about breakfast," another clamored.

"We shall have that at Upton whenever we get there and, perhaps, dinner in the bargain. At any rate we shall have all the eats we want, once we get to our destination. Only keep up your spirit, boys, we must win that game, or a dreary Christmas will be in the offing for us," James explained.

By this time the bus was on its way. Snowdrifts made its progress difficult, and here and there caused skidding and sliding from ditch to ditch. Gradually the expected trouble hove into sight. A huge snowdrift blocked the road, and in it the bus became completely stalled.

"Hurry out, boys, here are two shovels. Here's the place to warm up," shouted the driver.

The two shovels being changed from hands to hands were plied vigorously. After an hour of speedy work, the bus was again rolling along.

"That was a good warming-up exercise," ventured James.

"Well, it merely gave us an indication of the obstacles we'll encounter in the coming game, and how we'll overcome them," replied one of the team.

These words of encouragement were music to James' ears. He was above all anxious that the spirit of play should not die out among the members of his team. But he would not show his anxiety. He talked gaily of other possible obstructions. The bus had gone but a few miles when another snowdrift, a much longer and deeper one, covered the road. Again the shovels were merrily applied. This time the snow was so deep that shovelling seemed to do little good. Discouragement made itself felt among the team when suddenly a far-off noise caught their attention. Nearer and nearer came the noise, and gradually a snowplow came into sight. What a welcome sight it was! Further shovelling was unnecessary, and the bus sped onward to Upton without delay arriving at its destination shortly before noon.

A hot dinner very quickly restored general good feeling to all on the team. Beyond doubt, a bed would have suited James Twill and many of his fellow players better than a ramble through the town after the meal was over, but there was no thought of sleep. That afternoon would go by quickly; it did so. Preparations for Christmas were everywhere in evidence, and Christmas shoppers spread happiness about the streets. Often on that afternoon, James Twill wished that the coach could

have come along as it was necessary to keep the boys corralled in order that they might not eat too much sweets and the like and thus make themselves unfit for a hard game. But the coach had to visit a sick friend on that day. The burden of everything, therefore, rested on him, the captain, and it remained with him to see things through.

At six o'clock in the evening the team reported for a light lunch. They were one and all in fine condition, and James Twill felt that his fears for their individual well-being had been unfounded. More spirit and courage he had never seen the team show before. Again he felt that the game was already won.

Promptly at eight o'clock the game started. With flash and verve, James Twill and his mates put up an initial showing that at once bid fair for victory. But the loss of sleep and the weariness of the trip soon made themselves felt. Tricks did not work out, and plays went wrong. James Twill felt a lump rising in his throat that choked his wind. One by one his teammates came to be excited, then flustered and disconcerted. The odds showed up against them, and by the end of the first half the score stood 10-23 to their confusion. James Twill saw that something had to be done. He would use the time between the halves to give a pep talk.

"Boys," he began while striving to look as hopeful and cheerful as he possibly could, "we're in a slump; we must snap out of it. I know that we'll win this game in the second half. We needed a limbering up, and by now we've got it. There is no reason to bawl you out individually or collectively. I know very well how each one of you feels. You've one and all been doing your share, but none of you has been at his best. The best in every one of you will come to the fore in the second half of this game. I'll now give you a reason for doing your best by telling you a story. Not so long ago I read of a basketball team similarly situated as you are on this evening. In the story, as now, the time was just two days before Christmas. Between halves of the game, the coach of that team said:

'Boys, we must win this game. For whose sake must we win it? I shall tell you; we must win it for the 'sake of Mother.' You're about to return home from the school where you've been for the past four months to enjoy the Christmas vacation. You've no presents to bring to your mothers. They know that you are playing on this evening; it has been broadcast over the radio. They know that you're losing. Now for the 'sake of Mother' brace up; win the game and bring home a victory as a Christmas present to your mothers.

'That team won that game; we'll win this game. Our mothers are listening to the broadcast this evening. They know our plight. Brace up, every one of you, and do your best.' "

In the second half of the game, James Twill found that his words had taken effect. The score remained close; it would be a tie, so it looked. But just as the time gun fired, the ball swished through the netting once more, and the final score stood 29-28 in favor of Bleith College, James' Alma Mater.

Applause was plentiful, and shouts from the audience were deafening. But nothing of that kind mattered for James Twill and his teammates. They felt an inward joy that nothing else could equal. Quickly they hurried for trains to take them to

their homes. The last day before Christmas had arrived. Neither James Twill nor his teammates thought of carrying home presents other than confirmed reports about the hard-fought game. Before parting they agreed to keep the wires busy on Christmas Day by way of letting one another know how the home fires burned for each of them. Practically in every message sent by James Twill and his teammates to one another were the words:

"My mother says that she is very proud of me."

Only James Twill had the extra news to tell his pals on the team that in spite of his protests he had to do the Santa Claus stunt at his own home and at several of the neighboring houses with the result that because of his sleepiness, since he had not slept for forty-eight hours, he met with an accident that spoilt the day. At the home of one of his neighbors he was asked to light old-fashioned candles on the Christmas tree. Not being accustomed to bushy whiskers, he failed to keep the burning taper far enough away from his face, and thus set fire to his beard as well as to the candles. The result was that he had to wear plasters on his burnt face all that Christmas Day. What with explanations he had to make, and what with teasings he had to accept from his friends, whether at church or at home, he retained his feelings of joy because he and his team had won the game, and because his mother repeatedly assured him that she felt proud of his school report and of his determination to give her happiness even by his efforts at games.

My Friend

by

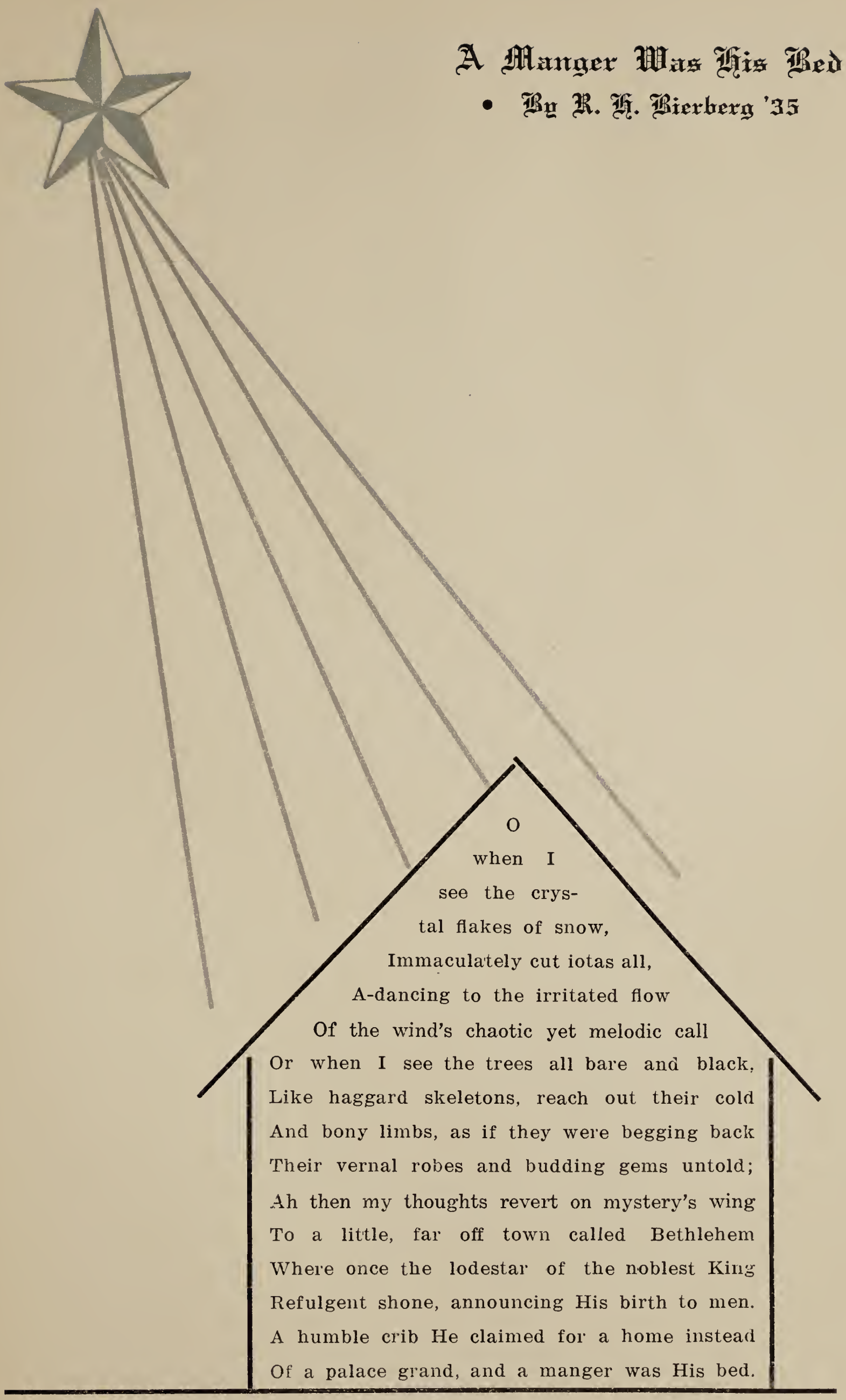
H. Roth '35

A little way, just down the road,
So far and yet so near;
But words cannot reach your abode,
How e'er they be sincere.

Oh, how you like this worldly life!
And evermore you boast
That you forgot our little strife,
But love your new-found host.

My memory is all wasted time;
What means it now to you?
My name you've put well out of rhyme
With all that rings so true.

There is some craze that reached your heart
And turned your faith away,
But you'll regret if we must part,
Hence change your thoughts, I pray.



A Manger Was His Bed

• By R. H. Bierberg '35

O
when I
see the crys-
tal flakes of snow,
Immaculately cut iotas all,
A-dancing to the irritated flow
Of the wind's chaotic yet melodic call
Or when I see the trees all bare and black,
Like haggard skeletons, reach out their cold
And bony limbs, as if they were begging back
Their vernal robes and budding gems untold;
Ah then my thoughts revert on mystery's wing
To a little, far off town called Bethlehem
Where once the lodestar of the noblest King
Refulgent shone, announcing His birth to men.
A humble crib He claimed for a home instead
Of a palace grand, and a manger was His bed.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

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- *Worthwhile*
- *Gift-giving at Christmas*

Worthwhile

Boys! Cities teem with thousands of them, boys of the tenements, boys of the Gold Coast, yet beneath a differentiated exterior they are all just boys. They are the carefree composite of a nation's youth swiftly turning in the world's great fashioning mold of tomorrow's men. By some instinct, perhaps of prehistoric origin, the boy is a gregarious young animal. He leads or is led. The question is how is he being led and where is he going? In games and in the mischievous pranks of an adolescent age, his crowd or his gang becomes an integral part of him. Tear it from him, and you steal a possession that is his but once in life; leave it to him and he may fall under the wrong kind of leadership. What to do?

A few years ago the world paused in its insane race to nowhere. It caught its breath, and, while looking around, began to notice things that it had missed previously. Crime and its organization of gangsterism lifted its shaggy head above an emasculated system of law and justice. People began to realize that crime is a process and a development, that it could be and must be curbed. About the roots of society it coiled as a loathesome, hideous reptile that spawned in the waywardness of metropolitan youth. Youngsters following leaders whose juvenile philosophy was that of the gutter; young minds twisted with the vulgar precocity of the city streets; unbalanced young men maturing and drifting listlessly, aimlessly were being caught and swept up into the whirlpool of gangsterdom. That was the situation, the problem. It demanded an answer. There was no alternative; what should the answer be?

Inevitably, unmistakably, emphatically it came. It was the extensive formation and promotion of boys' clubs under the supervision of responsible organizations; clubs that would and could take the place of the youthful gangs; clubs that would be alive with activity and interest; clubs that would mold and formulate character.

Most successful and consequently preeminent in the Middle West are the Catholic Youth Organizations among which that of Chicago holds the highest rank. These organizations and the one in Chicago in particular are outstanding examples of what should be done for Catholic youth throughout the country. In youthful, impressionable minds these organizations instill a satisfaction that can come only through personal accomplishment; they arouse a spirit of leadership that otherwise might lie dormant throughout life; they foster a sense of responsibility that is above calculation; they lay the foundation on which to build something that says, "Boys' clubs are WORTHWHILE."

G.La N.

Gift-giving at Christmas

Ballyhooed by extensive advertising on the part of retail stores, the giving and receiving of gifts has become one of the most important events of the Christmas season. Insofar as the exchanging of gifts creates an air of good-will and cheerfulness it is a commendable practice. But even in this matter proper limitations must be set lest acts of seeming kindness run in excess of common sense. If this should happen to be the case, then giving gifts borders on evil. It is said that evil will bless, but it is always best to get one's blessing from another source. Very true it is that stores boost the custom of giving. They want to reap a rich harvest at the Christmas season. Why should they not do so? But it is right here that a certain kind of evil may take root. Does not the ballyhoo advertising of the stores often induce a fickleminded public to spend money foolishly; to spend money that really ought to be used in paying off honest debts? A procedure of this kind is surely contrary to the essential idea of Christmas.

As a sign of joy in connection with the memorial day of our Savior's birth in this world, the giving of gifts is laudable. Christ Himself has brought the greatest gifts of all into this world. To imitate His divine generosity is praiseworthy. Above all a gift should be made to Him of a clean, honest, Christian heart. This gift is the most precious in His sight. Next in order it will be well to follow the beautiful example of the great Magi, who presented the Christ-Child with gifts significant of His rank in the world. Their gifts were charitable, and Christ sanctioned the practice which they initiated. Helping the poor at any time is a thoroughly Christian practice, but to do so at the Christmas season is the height of generosity. It will help to give them happiness at this season when everybody ought to be happy. As a practice, it is something noble in the sight of God and man. Relatives and friends surely should not be forgotten, but the poor and the helpless should come in for their share. It is a common evil that at the Christmas season by far the greater number of gifts are given and exchanged where there is no need for them; while Christ and His poor are neglected.

Then there is the practice to make the giving of gifts at Christmas time a publicity stunt. Not infrequently social climbers are seen to donate large sums to the poor at Christmas. They forget that this sort of publicity stunt is hardly short of being reprehensible, though it must be admitted that the practice is better than not giving at all. Yet how much more noble would not these gifts be if they were given in the spirit of St. Nicholas, the first real Santa Claus, who showed by his manner of making gifts what disposition should accompany this sort of charity. With him the giving of gifts was nothing more than good-will and helpfulness. Any other motive in the mind of a giver cannot make his gift truly genuine. Genuine Christmas gifts with the one and only aim in mind of doing good will help to make the great Christmas feast more enjoyable for all concerned.

J.G.T.



EXCHANGES



When searching for a magazine which upholds the literary standard toward which every college journal should strive, one need only open the pages of *The Aurora*, published by the students of St. Mary-of-the-Woods College. All the articles included in this magazine show that the authors did not dash off a few lines without thinking but spent many long hours in concentrating upon their subject. Most of the essays, especially "The Modern Trend in Music," "The Trend in Modern Art," and "The Lady of Mighty Dreams," show the result of considerable research. Another very noteworthy essay is "Excuse Our Politics," in which the men at the helm of our government are portrayed in their true colors. "Truancy Is Rewarded" gives us in a very charming style an interesting picture of Chinese family life. Among the numerous poetical works included in the first issue, although all are truly worth reading, we pick "Color Sprite" and "Remembrances" as the most outstanding. We wish to congratulate *The Aurora* on the brilliant editorials, for we truly believe that they keep pace with any college editorials we have so far encountered. There is, however, one thing which we believe would improve *The Aurora*. If a few pieces of lighter prose, which would still maintain the literary standards this magazine upholds, would be inserted, *The Aurora* would truly become an ideal college journal. The few bits of this form of prose in the first issue suffered in this, that they all ended in death and sadness. Something in a more joyful vein would contribute to the vitality of the magazine.

On our desk we likewise find a well known and welcome visitor whose honor ratings are by no means few. The students of Marywood College certainly show, in the first issue of *The Marywood College Bayleaf*, the missionary spirit which prevails among them. Entitled "The Chinese Mission Number," almost the entire magazine is pervaded with mission topics. Among the various articles, "Triumph or Tragedy" stands out as a gem of rare excellence. In a very enticing and literary style it recounts the tragic deaths of five holy Passionist missionaries who perished in the quest of Chinese souls. Although the author is not at present a student of Marywood, it redounds to the fame of her Alma Mater that one so trained in the literary field should be one of its alumnae. The short stories and other brief sketches also deserve their share of praise. Among the editorials, "October" has been our choice. The poetical selections are likewise well written but are too few in number. More poetry would give *The Marywood College Bayleaf* a much more balanced appearance. Anyone who has read this magazine, dedicated to the missionaries among the Chinese, can truly say that his knowledge of missionary labors and of the customs, proverbs and philosophy of the Chinese has really increased.

With the advent of a new scholastic year *The Exponent* has again arrived from the University of Dayton. We are extremely glad to note that *The Exponent* promises some poetry for this year. Poetry is really the cream of literature, and it is the best that every college journal should strive to include in its pages. In "The Missing Elevator," as also in "Crazy Ike's Preparation," we notice a style very captivating and an imagination by no means dead. We would be inclined to agree with the little note prefixed to "Arts? Commerce? or Engineer?" if we were to take the essay seriously. This little article is, however, a very commendable snatch of what one might term "humorous declamation and self exultation." In "The Major Tells One," the author succeeds not only in portraying the drollery of his hero but also in making his story a very readable product. "On Imagination's Wings" is an extremely comprehensive explanation of certain phases of our planetary and stellar system. Upon first reading this delightful little essay one could easily mistake it for a work from the pen of Jean-Henri Fabre. "Plato, The Broad-Shouldered Boy" seems to be the title of the humor column. If Plato were to see how his fair name is maltreated we fear that someone would suffer. Lowell says, "What is so rare as a day in June," but he did not approach the rarest thing in the world. We wish to congratulate *The Exponent* on the appearance of "Mr. Williams" a one act playlet which is certainly more than a mere attempt at drama. A play written by a college student and published in a college journal is indeed rare. We now come to what we believe to be the best article of the magazine, "At the Twilight Hour." This excellent bit of prose really leaves a very savory taste on one's literary palate. When *The Exponent* has included her poetry and a few more serious articles she will have taken her place among the upper four hundred in college journalism.

The following exchanges have also been gratefully received: *The Salesianum,* St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wisconsin; *The Wag,* Rontt College, Jacksonville, Illinois; *St. Vincent Journal,* St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania; *Xaverian News,* Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Collegian,* St. Mary's College, California.

A.J.H. '35



STARDUST AND HOLLY

By Dorothy M. Shipman

Being only a moderate reader of poetry, I often have recourse to anthologies in order that I may acquaint myself with the better side of this art as well as have at my disposal a well-balanced reserve. It is no doubt because of this principle that I stumbled the other day upon the delightful little volume, *Stardust and Holly*.

Fundamentally, *Stardust and Holly* is a collection of Christmas poems and songs of different nations and centuries. Most naturally it abounds with the poetry of England, yet a fairly wide scope of foreign art is represented by way of excellent translations. In regard to the general make-up and arrangement of this book I would say that Dorothy Shipman has excelled in giving us such a well constructed and organized thesaurus, which so readily complies with nature's first and greatest law, order.

Like Horace's books of odes this little volume offers the reader as well as the present-day poet an almost unlimited number of models of both meter and form. Here and there a sonnet, which type of poem Wordsworth says was "the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart," peers modestly forth from among the various other poems. By far the most widely represented form, however, is the ballad quatrain, which, despite the fact that it is the simplest and most used pattern of stanzaic poetry, continues to be the favorite of very many poetry lovers. Needless to say, practically every conventional type of metrical line is profusely illustrated along with these many and varied forms.

In fine, this appropriate little volume represents to my mind a snug, elaborately decorated Christmas tree: each of its gem-laden pages, a bushy, needled bough; its contents, so many glittering gifts and ornaments. Scattered among all these beautiful trimmings are such gleaming candles as Longfellow's "The Three Kings;" Field's "Christmas Treasures;" Thompson's "A Child's Prayer;" and many others; while commanding the very tip, with all the regal pomp and splendor of ancient Sparta's twin monarchs, sit the living treasures, "Adeste Fidelis" and "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

R. P. Bierberg '35

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

By Maurice Walsh

Judged from the title, this book should be somewhat of a travel tale. It is that to a certain extent, but this bit of travel is interwoven into a plot so well executed that one is constantly wishing to skip to the last chapter and see how the tale ends.

With Scotland-England-Ireland as its locale, the story teems with exciting in-

terest as one meets in turn Alistair MacIan and Paddy Joe Long; Rogan Stuart, the hero; Elspeth Trant, the heroine; Sir Jerome Trant, Ambrose Trant, and Captain Eudmon Butler, who move through the story as enigmas; and finally, Jamesy Coffey and his band of tinkers.

MacIan and Long, who are on a camping trip, meet Rogan Stuart, and invite him into the party. After a skirmish with the beautiful heroine concerning their rights of making camp at a certain spot, they go into the private waters of Sir Jerome Trant's estate to poach salmon. Stuart is left behind to watch the Trant mansion and signal in case of detection. Just as the two poachers return, Stuart, who is making his way to them, runs into Ambrose Trant, Elspeth's husband. Trant is bested in the scuffle that follows and the culprits escape. The next morning they learn that he had been murdered at the very spot where Stuart had thrown him. Despite Stuart's violent protestations that he had only winded Trant, Paddy Joe Long makes arrangements for Stuart to join Jamsey Coffey's caravan of tinkers and go under the name of Rogue McCoy.

Here the tenor of the story changes abruptly. The reader is thrown into life among the tinkers as they travel over the country, trading here, merely camping there, and fighting almost everywhere. Their life is as free as the wind and as merry as anyone would want life to be.

Now comes the climax of the story. After a year of this life, Stuart is seen and recognized by Elspeth Trant, who has come to the Castleinch horse fair in the company of Sir Jerome, her father, and her friend, Capt. Butler. The next day, while selling a horse to Elspeth, Stuart is insulted by Butler. When the fireworks end, Butler is nearly dead, and Stuart and Jamsey Coffey's boy, Shamus Og Coffey, are in custody. At the resulting trial, Stuart is sentenced to one month in jail with hard labor, while Shamus Og, an old offender, is given three months with hard labor.

Out of jail, Stuart rejoins Jamsey and his crew at the scene of his first sight of the campers. Here, where all the trouble began, it is now destined to end. Jamsey Coffey and his daughter, Julie O'Brien, go to Sir Jerome's estate to poach pheasants. Elspeth Trant saves them from apprehension when they are discovered by the caretaker, and they all three make their way to the house, where they overhear Capt. Butler confess to Sir Jerome that he had murdered Ambrose. Stuart appears upon the scene and threatens to kill Butler. Instead, Jamsey takes control of the situation and orders Butler to leave.

Elspeth Trant joins the tinkers to forget, if she is able, all that has happened. After two months of traveling, she and Stuart are married according to the quaint rites of the tinkers. One cannot help but hope, as one closes the book, that they "lived happily ever after."

Maurice Walsh has the true Irish knack of making his characters speak in typically explosive fashion. Instead of being offensive, these explosions add to the character of the story. All the effect of Jamsey Coffey or Paddy Joe Long would be lost if either spoke in stilted tones. All through the story the reader may see the deep-seated, homely philosophy of our own Will Rogers flowing from the ever moving lips of Jamsey, and the effervescent wit of Irvin S. Cobb bestowed upon all who listen to Paddy Joe. The story of the

growing love between Elspeth Trant and Rogan Stuart is of the clean type that should thrill every Catholic reader. For my own part, I feel that I can safely say that this is one of the best books ever to come to my attention.

John LaBadie '35

A Christmas Anthology

This book of Christmas prose and verse, arranged by D. L. Keleher, is by no means the type of reading which we can enjoy any time we feel the urge to pick up a book and delve into the realms of adventure. In fact, *A Christmas Anthology* is not intended for this purpose. On the other hand, suppose that today is a cold day in December; the wind is howling, snowflakes are beating against the windowpanes, and we are sitting snugly in our easy chair before the open fireplace. We are reading its simple narratives, as Irving's "The Stage Coach;" Dickens' "Story of the Goblin Who Stole a Sexton;" or "Christmas at Dingley Dill;" or Christmas letters of famous English authors; or uplifting poems and ballads, as "The Burning Babe;" "Christmas Bells;" "The Shepherds." These expressions of the season's sentiments possess that quality which makes their simplicity a thing of charm. Hidden feelings, lying somewhere in the depths of our heartstrings, are pleasantly revived, as Henry Vaughn tells us in "Christ's Nativity:"

"Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of the King."

When we imbibe the words of Christina Rossetti's "A Christmas Carol,"

"The Shepherds had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a Star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far?"

how can we do else than profit by them?

If we are dead in spirit, if we are unaware of the greatness in the simple things of life, a great deal of good will be imparted to us by the reading of the prose and poetry in *A Christmas Anthology.*

Edward Hession '35

John Henry

By Roark Bradford

Those incredulous Americans who are continually making sport of the American Negro and are inclined to doubt his sound character may well look between the covers of *John Henry.* Roark Bradford, the author, is a southerner who has spent practically his entire life in the South where cotton is king. He has been so charmed by the negroes' roustabout air of good cheer, so enchanted by their rollicksome laughter, so enlivened by their very presence, and he has succeeded so well in weaving this together that this story is a delightful presentation of an ideal negro's characteristics.

Mr. Bradford employs the characteristic technique which had made his name synonymous with negro portrayal in *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun,* that racy narrative upon which Marc Connolly based his Pulitzer Prize winning drama, *The Green Pastures.* The story, developed biographically, depicts the meanderings of a typical southern negro.

John Henry was ambitious; he could do more than a handful of picked men, no matter if it was shoveling coal, mule chinning, or picking and rolling cotton. When he said he would do a thing, he did it, and he did it in a big way. He was a

"windin' ball and bound to N'Awlins." He arrived at "N'Awlins," but he never returned to Alabama because he died rolling cotton.

To those who enjoy the negro dialect and love to solve its subtleties *John Henry* will prove to be of absorbing interest.

Norbert Minick '35

Sol

by

M. J. Rinderly '35

O fiery master of the brilliant sky,
No spot on earth can shun thy searching eye!
Thy golden chariot rides upon the wind
And pours sweet light in realms with darkness blind;
The earth must thrive at thy approach benign
With flowers and fruits on every bush and vine.

To make the heart of man rejoice;
To make the fields more fair,
Thou comest freshly bathed
From great Aquarius' urn
To shine with new and dazzling light
Throughout the welkin's wide domain;
And when thou quaff'st the cup of sleep,
All things recline in slumber deep.

With thy exemplar great before his eyes,
Why should not man dispel the gloom he spies,
And in the rapture of the warming day
Aside the garment of displeasure lay?
Hence shine, Old Sol, into man's gloomy heart
And burn it free from every wounding dart;
Give all this dreary world a chance to hear
The song of birds which people hold so dear.

ALUMNI

With a feeling of pride and joy the staff conveys the information that a third St. Joseph's Alumni Chapter is now being organized. This chapter took root, and is now developing in the Calumet District, Lake County, Indiana, where a short time ago one hundred eager men of various ranks in life, meeting with much enthusiasm, elected John A. Tokarz, City controller of Whiting, and Jack Jones, Foreman of the Roll Turning Department, temporary President and Secretary respectively. At the next meeting of the organization, which will be held during the Christmas holidays, permanent officers will be elected.

New Alumni Chapter

It was approximately five years ago, in Akron, Ohio, that the first Alumni Chapter was formed. It is already well organized and very active. This was the beginning, or perhaps we might say that the men of that locality were the pioneers of a chain of Alumni Chapters, which, we hope, will enroll every alumnus of the Middle West. The second chapter was formed in 1932 at Delphos, Ohio. Naturally, it is not yet so active as the first; however, we hope that the alumni of Delphos and the surrounding territory are reaping those benefits for which the chapter was formed.

And now that the third Alumni Chapter is well under way, we students at St. Joseph's, especially those from the Calumet District, are very enthusiastic. Graduation will soon send many of us in various directions. Along with graduation comes the regret that friendships must soon be broken. However, this feeling of loss is lessened somewhat as we realize that these clubs present the opportunity to many of us to get together, and to mingle frequently with men who have something in common with us. Surely these chapters will serve as a very large factor to foster a closer relationship, and to cement the union already existing among St. Joseph's sons.

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"Find of the season." "Sophomore sensation." These are but two of the many terms that sports writers are using to characterize Northwestern's new quarterback, Steve Toth. Breaking into the starting lineup for the first time against Wisconsin, Steve gave an exhibition of kicking that brought a smile to the grim, game visage of Dick Hanley, and kept the Badgers deep in their own territory for the greater part of the afternoon. One of his punts from behind his own goal line traveled more than ninety yards. Since then he has held his own with Lindberg of Illinois, and Notre Dame's aces, Shake-

A Northwestern Star

speare and Pilney. Two more years of varsity competition await him. Meanwhile the alumni and students of St. Joseph's will be watching him, cheering him; for Steve's first football was played here. Enrolled with the class of '33, this young Toledo athlete already gave promise in '27 and '28 of what he is now accomplishing.

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A Little Homecoming

Sunday, November 18, two former students of St. Joseph's were seen on the College campus. From the expression on their faces, we are sure that they were rehearsing a few favorite tricks of their college days. These two alumni were Mr. John Kreutzer, who attended St. Joseph's in 1907-08, and Mr. Francis Marcotte, of the class of '24. A typical St. Joe spirit was expressed by these former collegians, especially by Mr. Marcotte, who made the following statement: "It surely grieved me to see my Alma Mater lose that game to Gallagher last year. I'll be here for the game with them this year to swell the cheers for old St. Joe."

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Here's to Ya

Recently, Jerry Haugh, a prominent alumnus from Delphi, paid us a short but pleasant visit. Mr. Haugh attended St. Joseph's in 1917-18. He is now holding the position of traveling agent for the Lafayette Brewery. He informed us that Mr. Lewis Panther of the class of '98 is the brew master of that concern. The fact that an alumnus of St. Joseph's makes the beer assures us that it is truly "Beer De Luxe." We had often wondered just why "Ye Tavern Brew" is of the highest quality; the reason now is evident. Our wish is; "More power to you."

Stalking the Class of '35

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Bernard Griesbaum, '28-'33, is recuperating from a recent spinal operation. The COLLEGIAN staff joins the class of '35 and your Alma Mater in wishing you a speedy recovery.

Milton Bock, '28, of Mishawaka, Indiana, now has his name toward the top of the Notre Dame register. There he is taking Journalism. We feel that it is a happy choice, Milt, and all your friends join in wishing you success.

Al Wight, '28-'31, is a sophomore in the University of Louisville medical school, and one of the most popular undergrads in his home town.

Ray Zirnheld, '28-'29, has been on the list of the employed during the late depression. He is now listed among the older-in-service employees of the Stewart Dry Goods Company of Louisville.

Urban Kuhn, '28-'34, receives our vote of thanks. He is one of the very few members of the class of '35 from whom we have heard more than a mere "Hello." After having tried the role of a working man, Urb is once more back to books. This time he is taking a business course at the Ahrens Trade School of Louisville.

Ed Volk, '28-'33, in keeping with that big heart and congenial disposition for which he was well known at St. Joseph's has chosen to manage his father's rural acreage while his younger brother goes to school.

Bob Walsh, '33-'34, is continuing his studies at St. Viator's College, at Bourbonnais, Illinois.

W.C.H., '35



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



One moon and seven suns ago, our faculty brought forth upon this campus another examination, *Lincoln up to Date* conceived in deep thought and dedicated to the probability that all men must either survive or perish. Now we engaged in a great mental war, testing whether that examination, or any examination so conceived and so dedicated, could long be endured. We met on a great battlefield in that war. We met to dedicate our efforts on the final resting-place of those who gave their lives that we would have to do the same. It was altogether unfitting and improper that we should do something like this. But in a large sense we could not dedicate, — we couldn't even concentrate, — we couldn't make a sound. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled there, concentrated far beyond our poor powers to add or subtract. Collegeville will little note, nor long remember what we forgot there, but it can never forget what we didn't do there. It is for us, the survivors, rather to be dedicated now to the unfinished three quarters of work that we have thus far so ignobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the enormous task remaining before us, that from those unhonored men who failed there we take a good lesson in this, that we give a full measure of our study periods; that we here highly resolve that these men shall not have failed in vain, but that examinations in the shadow of the towers receive a brand new interment, and that examinations of the professors, by the professors, and for the professors, shall indeed perish from this institution.

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Honor Roll — First Quarter

First Year

Gerstbauer, James — 92 3-6
Taylor, Thomas — 92 3-6
Merkel, Sylvan — 87 2-6
Weller, Harold — 86
Sterling, Cornelius — 85

Second Year

Hardebeck, Don — 90 3-5
O'Brien, William — 90
McGraw, Gerald — 89 1-5

Third Year

Hinton, James — 98
Homco, Edward — 96 5-6
Moriarty, Lawrence — 96 2-3
Rueve, Charles — 96 1-5
Scheuer, Joseph — 94 1-3

Fourth Year

Callahan, William — 93 7-8
Fischer, Norman — 93 3-8
Junk, Edward — 90 1-2
Wolski, Clarence — 88 7-8
Gedden, Joseph — 88 2-7

Fifth Year

Schmitt, Denis — 94

Durocher, Aurele — 92 2-7
Ottenweller, Albert — 91 1-2
Gamble, Anthony — 90 5-7
Hoevel, Robert — 89 7-8

Sixth Year

Klaus, Donald — 94 3-4
Samis, John — 94 2-3
Foohey, Donald — 94 4-7
Suelzer, Anthony — 94 4-7
Maziarz, Edward — 93 5-7

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Retreat

The first quarter of the scholastic year was brought to a close by the forty-first annual retreat. During those three days of special spiritual endeavor, a silence prevailed over the campus that permitted the very ticking of the tower clock to be heard. An edifying sight it was to see 270 college and prep men conduct themselves in this manner. The students visited the chapel nine times daily to attend devotions of various kinds.

The Reverend Henry Post, C.PP.S., of St. Joseph, Mo., who conducted the retreat, admonished the students to enjoy this life as much as possible without placing an exaggerated value on worldly joys or forfeiting their eternal happiness for mundane interests.

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New Cheer Leader

William "Bill" Stack, a freshman, is the newly elected cheer leader of Saint Joseph's as the result of a vote taken at the gala pep meeting recently held in Alumni Hall. He is assigned to assist Jim Thornbury who has held the position of cheer leader for the past three years. If Bill shows as much pep and enthusiasm on the basketball floor as he does about the campus, we feel sure he'll be a great success.

It is the duty of every student to be at our games unless he is held back by something more serious than a broken leg or a case of smallpox. There are five men on a basketball team, but the most important man is the sixth who sits in the grand stand. We urge every one to attend. Come, and cheer with Bill and Jim, and a victorious season will be hung up in St. Joseph's gym.

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Stage Coach a la Mode

With the shelving of textbooks, the assurance that all had made satisfactory grades, and the termination of the forty-first annual retreat, some seventy college students awaited the chartered busses that were to take them to the Central Normal game at Danville, Ind.

A light mist hung over the campus; a slight breeze fanned it into fantastic ribbons; the sun peeped through the stately tamaracks, while the moon still rode low in the west. This was the scene that wished us good luck, and we were off on our way to see St. Joseph's Cardinals do battle with the heavy Central Normal eleven.

Highways proved to be happy ways, for not once during the entire trip did some familiar aria or cheer, led by John LaBadie, fail to rend the air. Variety, too, proved to be the spice of life when Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Corn Crackers, a Sucker, a Show Me and a Jayhawk got together and challenged all competition on the distinctive merits of their respective states. Once, at a filling station enroute, an elderly, congenial agriculturist approached one of the party and said: "Say thar, son, I was a thinkin' that Notre Dame was a playin' out East today." The old gentleman was correct in his assumption.

Mile on mile of cheerful going, then a sign: "Danville 3 miles," fanned the fire of school spirit in all, and the boys really did "whoop it up." "They came! They saw! They ....." (Omission supplied in "Sports" column)

As the time for the game approached, the entire group became more spirited. Following the very neatly attired Central Normal band, they were ushured into the stadium, northwest of the Central Normal campus. Soon, then, a shrill whistle announced not only the kick-off but also a heavy downpour of rain which lasted for three quarters of the game. Very appropriate was the college yell, "Our hands are cold; our clothes are wet; come on, gang, we'll get them yet!" lustily ringing in that deluge to cheer and encourage our mud-smeared team.

The return trip may have been less spirited, but it was not spiritless. And there were trophies, too, of the unprecedented outing, to bring back and hang in niches of honor in our hall of fame, the Raleigh Club.

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Making Faces

It was very unfortunate that Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld or Fanny Brice was not present on St. Joseph's campus on Friday, November 16, for never in the past did such an array of handsome lads parade before the scrutinizing eyes of the camera. The photographer was dumbfounded. But why shouldn't he be? How would you react to photographing the seniors of '35?

Again and again the little cameric bird flicked its wings before the shutters, and each time the memory of another senior was destined to live on in his likeness; at any rate, that was the purpose of the representative of the Victor Studio of Gary, Indiana.

With the reception of the proofs we were forcibly reminded of the publication of examination results. There were those who always have that "certain something," and those whom fortune frowned upon; we might almost say, scowled upon. But we must remember amidst our wails of dissatisfaction that a camera must have something upon which to work.

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Santa Claus

Just inside and a little to the right of the entrance to the Main Building is a rather small department, neatly kept, and, despite its narrow dimensions, possessing an air of dignity. Its front looks like a large window with minute panes of glass; in the center, however, is a larger opening minus glass, which, like the frame of a picture, holds the ready smile and cheerful face of our postmaster, Brother Cletus, — the one man who receives more mail indirectly than do any half-hundred other men in Collegeville.

Tried and faithful, he sees that the mail goes on. Through his hands those rare parcels come to us, and those cherished letters with our fare home. This messenger of cheer is a real Santa Claus.

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Holiday Greetings

To the fantastic music of tall pines danced the silhouetted towers of the College Chapel upon the slightly disturbed waters of the lake, lighted by the pale rays of a December moon Above my head hung low, grey snow clouds; under my feet lay a blanket of crisp maple, oak and locust leaves.

As I stood reviewing this delightful

scene, I seemed to hear the Chapel chimes say: "1934 is nearly over; in a few more days it will be history." It brought to mind but one thought — Christmas, and the many for whom those chimes have rung, this year and in past years, — professors, students, alumni of St. Joseph's; rung to the call of duty; rung to the joys and disappointments that mingle in college life. Hark! Hear them now, as they peal forth our wishes of the season — a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Blessed New Year!

Chapel Chimes, we own your welcome;
Chapel Chimes, we heed your call;
Chapel Chimes, now ring our greeting—
Christmas Joys, to one and all!

The Prince of Peace

by

R. P. Baird '35

"Glory to God in the highest,
And peace to men of good will,"
The heavenly chorus sang,
For on that blessed Christmas morn,
The Prince of Peace Himself was born
As Mary's child, God's only Son,
Who for mankind all graces won.

"This is the birthday of your King,
He, Who is the Prince of peace,"
The heavenly paean rang,
"Come greet your Lord, the God of all,"
He lieth not in palace hall,
But on a lowly bed of straw,
As foreordained by Heaven's law.

At altars on this Christmas Day,
The Priest will call this Prince of Peace,
The humble Lamb of God;
And to man's hungry heart will bring
This Lord and God, of kings the King,
And ask for Him no gift of earth,
But souls that are of greater worth.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The reaction of an audience is not always the best test of the merits of a drama. But when that audience is selective its judgment is not easily false, especially when it is unanimous or almost unanimous in its opinion. From this standpoint the first major production of the C.L.S. this year was a surprising and welcomed success. "Set That To Music," a comedy in three acts by Frank A. Bush and Paul I. Cook, was staged on Thanksgiving eve. Although the theme of the story, rivalry between two schools, was rather antiquated, the combination of a good plot and a well chosen cast served to give the play a touch of real college life.

Alvin Burns as Professor McPherson, a man ingenious, clever, eccentric, yet heart and soul for his school, was surely the star actor of the evening. The audience seemed to watch his every idiosyncrasy with the joy and understanding that characterize all students and teachers in colleges. William Stack, taking the part of Arthur Cadman, a heavy sleeper and loafer, showed remarkable powers of adaptability when he posed as Fanny Brooks, a gently intriguing maiden. In the latter role he again demonstrated his ability for feminine parts. A difficult role, and one played commendably by Eugene Beeler, was the character of John Henning, a seemingly misplaced English student with an Oxford accent, but in reality a detective. William Frantz, impersonating a nerve-strained and cracked-voiced Jew, Abe Ryan, was delightfully amusing each time he appeared. Anthony Suelzer, as Mr. Wallace Stearns, the rich uncle of one of the students, took his part seriously, and at the same time contributed much to the success of the presentation and the mirth of the audience, especially when he met the resistless charms of Fanny and tried to assure himself of a permanent place in her affections.

James O'Connor, Henry Martin, Robert Kaple, Timothy Doody and Roman Anderson, all as young college men, did not have opportunities to star, but played their parts realistically, and carried on the story smoothly and progressively. But for their original and clever impersonating, the play might have dragged at times. Neither did James Thornbury get an opportunity to show his dramatic abilities to the full; the character of Jack Rounder, constable and forger, which he impersonated, was a rather minor role. The same may be

said of Charles Froelich who appeared but twice as Jim Craig, a photographer. Had he not been "on his toes," the picture-taking episodes would have lagged and bored the audience; they were a weak spot in the drama. In a word, not one of these minor characters permitted those carrying the leading parts to steal the show.

What more can we say than that we will welcome more plays with this kind of acting. Perhaps the Columbians will later venture upon the presentation of a drama more closely knit in construction, something, too, of a somewhat heavier and more dramatic quality. As the scholastic year rounds out to the middle of the term, we wish the C.L.S. the best of success "in the teeth of all winds blowing."

●

Dwenger Mission Unit

In the last regular monthly meeting of the D.M.U., held on the eve of Armistice Day, enthusiasm ran at flood tide. John Samis, the chairman, piloted the proceedings admirably, and succeeded in steering clear of the shoals and breakers he encountered. The meeting closed with everything settled in a satisfactory manner.

When the general business had been disposed of, a Catholic Action program followed. It was made up of addresses by several students on topics pertaining to the missions, a song by the octet, and a violin duet, the latter by Henry Martin and George Muresan.

Raleigh Club

Swinging into their irresistible theme song, "Rockabye Moon," with a grace and ease that come only after consistent practice, "The Red Peppers," under the guidance of Henry Martin, again afforded the club members an evening of delightful entertainment on Sunday, November 25.

Aided by Jimmie Scott, a master of ceremonies who ranks with the best, the orchestra succeeded in offering the following pieces: "Here Comes the British;" "Love in Bloom;" "Straight from the Shoulder;" and "Three Cheers for Love." In fact, they played with such finesse that they received several calls for encores.

Of course, Don Foohey, Michael Stohr, Norm Heckman and Jim O'Grady added a sparkle to the occasion by their spirited vocalizing. The latter likewise, collaborating with John La Badie, a Putnam County punster, gave very amusing insight into the idiocyncrasies and humorous characteristics of rural life. Furthermore, Don Foohey, featuring an original composition, presented an interesting skit on Job and his trials. As a sort of surprise to the assembly, Father Fehrenbacher dropped in and rounded out the evening with a few examples of his scintillating wit.

Victor Broering copped the Bridge cup, with Jerry Krapf running him a close second.

The Heart tournament is now in full swing and the cups will be awarded at a gala meeting before the Christmas vacation.



Manchester College Overwhelms Cards

It was just a case of how long the St. Joe boys could stand the strain when they bucked up against the powerful Manchester College squad on a certain Saturday afternoon. It was windy and cold — plenty cold — but the team from N. Manchester made it mighty hot for the Cards during the entire struggle. In fact, from the very beginning when the teams lined up for the kick-off, and the Manchester kicker booted the ball back forty yards behind the St. Joe safety zone, the difference of those two extra years over our Junior College was very visible to the watchful eye. St. Joe was unable to make any headway against the line of giants glaring ferociously at the point of scrimmage.

And when the game was finally called to a close by the timekeeper, the three or four different teams playing under the Manchester colors had amassed a total of forty-six points against forty-six less for the Cardinals.

The piercing wind was the greatest element of nature that had to be fought against. Punts and passes were strongly hampered, and the running attacks might have gotten along much better without it. But a football game is a football game, and anything may happen.

Still, the score didn't exactly do justice to the squad of players fighting for the Cardinal and Purple. They were in there on every play, taking a licking, but still going back for more. That counts. Then too, when the end of the contest did come, the ball was in St. Joe's possession on the Manchester one foot line.

The college was shocked when the word came back that the first out-of-town game resulted in such a manner. Yet, when the fact was analyzed, the locals recalled that much greater teams have been beaten by much bigger scores, so there was really no need to start weeping. It did, however, give the Cardinals an idea of what to expect when competition comes to such a height as is hoped for in the next few years.

St. Joe Gives way to Central Normal, 6 - 0

Playing under the most unfavorable weather conditions of the year, the St. Joe Cardinals put up a battle unequaled in any of the other four games of the season, but were forced to take a licking to the tune of 6 to 0 from the hands of Central Normal College at Danville, Indiana. The rain storm which blinded the players during the entire first half seemed not far short of a cloud-burst for several minutes, but that didn't dishearten either team. St. Joe kicked off, and as the ball splashed in the water, a halfback grabbed it up, but was downed by two sturdy ends before

he could get a good start. Plays through the line failed, and as a result, Normal punted against the wind to St. Joe's forty yard line. Immediately La Noue, Hatton, and O'Grady took the ball forward for two first downs, but as the weight of the Normal line and the slippery field warranted no further gain, Hatton booted the ball over the goal line. Once again the seemingly midget line held tight, and a punt was in order.

What happened after that for a few minutes was hard to see from the sidelines, as the torrents of rain left only the bare outlines visible. Nevertheless, the St. Joe team could be seen advancing slowly but with certainty, and the Central Normal rooters were expecting the worst. But when the Cards came withing striking distance of the goal, the attack fell short on the two yard line, and the Danville team took possession of the ball.

All indications called for a return of the ball by the punting route, but Normal pulled a surprise play that netted a first down. Here that faithful line, with Leuterman, Kosalko, Glorioso and Gaffney bearing the brunt of the opposition, actively informed the Warriors that further progress was impossible. And so on, amidst a splashing mud, slipping of feet, and dodging of rain drops, the game was played.

In the second quarter, an entire new team was sent in for Normal. On the second play, an end run, with Lattimer carrying the ball, resulted in a forty yard gain; then Hendricks crashed the remaining twelve yards for the only touchdown of the game. The plunge for extra was stopped, and Normal led, 6 - 0

Time and again when the Cardinals had the ball in Normal territory some unforseen object was there to hinder their going on, but they fought desperately to overcome the advantage in weight of their foe.

The rain passed over for the beginning of the third period, but the soggy field and the driving wind were still to be fought against. Here the heavy line of Normal became more effective than would have been possible on a dry field, but the St. Joe backs took opportunities to crash through for fairly consistent gains.

With but five minutes left to play in the last quarter, Joe Leuterman blocked a kick on Normal's forty yard marker, but at this point another fresh squad took the field for the Danville team, and St. Joe's wearied army of ball carriers found it well nigh impossible to make the necessary advancement. The game ended with Normal in possession of the ball, after taking it by long gains up to the Cardinals' thirty yard mark.

The punting on both sides was very good despite the wind and rain, with Hatton and Scharf holding the edge in yardage over the Normal booters. At this final game, we might say that all the DeCook men have done a good job of this season's task, with, of course, no little credit going to the man that guides the team, Coach DeCook.

Starting lineup:

St. Joe (0)		Central Normal (6)
Welch	FB	Albright
Kosalko	LE	Sharp
Foos	LT	M. Slaybaugh
Glorioso	LG	Kodine
Leuterman	C	Bell
Raterman	RG	Steele
Heckman	RT	T. Slaybaugh
Smolar	RE	Stone
O'Grady	QB	Seudder
La Noue	RH	Rogers
Hatton	LH	Fay

Here is a list of the members who made up the varsity squad this season: Anderson, Bierberg, Bonifas, Frencak, Foos, Gaffney, Glorioso, Henrikson, Hatton, Heckman, Junk, Kosalko, Kostka, Kelley, Kreutzer, La Noue, LaFontain, Leutermann, Mores, O'Grady, O'Riley, Quinn, Raterman, Smolar, Spegele, Steininger, Sterling, Scharf, Thurin, Westhoven, Wiemels, and Welch.

Senior League Notes

The Sixth Year added another notch on its way to the championship as it took strenuous measures to beat the Fourths, 25 - 6. Hartlage, Wolf, and Samis were the high lights in the Sixth's attack, while Kelley and Andres plugged hard for the losers.

While Homco and Andres were scoring for the Fourths, Hanpeter saw to it that the Thirds did not fail to make a touchdown as the high school seniors took a thrilling contest from their underclassmen, 12 - 6.

It was just another championship for the class of '35, but they had a hard time in downing the Fifths, 6 - 0. A blocked kick by Johnny Elder and a run by Roth gave the Seniors their margin of victory.

Final Standing

	W.	L.
Sixths	3	0
Fifths	2	1
Fourths	1	2
Thirds	0	3

Basketballs are Flying Again

On the first Monday following the quarterly exams, a floor full of basket shooters enlisted to start out the winter sport in a big way. Coach DeCook used the initial practice to drill on basket shooting and the fundamentals of the game.

A number of promising prospects have turned out to lend hope to the Cardinal point of view, as only two of last year's regulars, Co-captains John Downey and Ed Hession are back this year. Yet a willing bunch of workers have presented themselves to fill in the places of Charlie Scheidler, Joe Fontana, Shad Horrigan, Tony Traser, and Clem Petit, all of whom graduated last year; and of the lanky Carl Shank, who has been forced to leave school due to bad eyesight. However, practically all the second string of the past season are back to bid for fighting honors. Among these we find Van Nevel, Beeler, Bubala, Bruskotter, and Andres. The likelihoods of the newcomers are Hatton, Gaffney, Scharf, O'Riley, Diedrich, and Ludas.

Coach DeCook has expressed his belief that something can be made out of this year's squad, but that it will take a lot of work and hard training on the part of the individual players if a successful season is expected. The schedule is the hardest faced by any St. Joe team for some time. The opening contest with Kokomo Junior College will begin the string of games that will make things interesting for a few months.

H* Kokomo Junior College	Dec. 1	H Manchester College	Jan. 22
V* Central Normal College	Dec. 6	H Central Normal College	Jan. 24
H Huntington College	Dec. 8	V Gallagher College	Jan. 30
H Gallagher College	Dec.14	H Anderson College	Feb. 2
V Manchester College	Dec. 15	V Huntington College	Feb. 9
H Valparaiso University	Dec. 20	V Joliet Junior College	Feb. 16
H Whiting Athletic Club	Jan. 13	V Anderson College	Feb. 23
V Kokomo Junior College	Jan. 16	V Whiting Athletic Club	Mar. 2
H Joliet Junior College	Jan. 19		

H* Home V* Visitor's Floor

St. Joe Halts Delphi K. of C. in Pre-Season Game

St. Joe's basketeers prepared themselves for the coming net season by taking a double header from the Delphi K. of C. A and B teams, by the scores of 30 - 19, and 32 - 11. The B's had comparatively little trouble in holding the lead which they acquired early in the game, with Beeler, Ottenweller, and Scharf controlling the ball most of the time.

The second game was a rather rough and tumble sort of contest, and close guarding kept both sides from piling up a big score. The Delphi quintet made it a tough proposition for the Cardinals offense to get in close under the basket. It was the sharp shooting of "Cy" Gaffney from the sides and from the pivot that proved detrimental to the visitors' chances to go into the lead. Crosby and Haugh of the K. of C. team when they brought the score within two points of a tie with their long shooting, put a scare into the DeCook men; but St. Joe came back strong in the closing minutes to leave their opponents in the lurch.

Though the Cardinals play was far from smooth, it showed a few signs of alertness, and everything points to a successful season. Onward, Cards, to Kokomo!





HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?



A Sunday school teacher, visiting in a neighboring town, asked for any received permission from a teacher friend to ask her class a few questions. The permission being granted, she spoke first to a sweet little girl.

"Well," she said, "what has the good Lord done for you?"

The little girl replied: "He gave me a good father and mother and a nice home."

Another little girl was asked the same question. She had long curly hair and was decidedly pretty. Her answer was: "The Lord gave me these nice curls and a good teacher."

The next child to be asked was a little freckle-faced, bow-legged, and crossed-eyed boy. "Well, my little man, what did the good Lord do for you?"

Mournfully the boy replied: "He almost ruined me, lady."

Raterman: "I've eaten meat all my life, and I'm as strong as an ox."

Kuebler: "That's funny. I've always eaten fish, and yet I can't swim a stroke."

A Negro passing through the cemetery was greatly interested in the epitaphs seen on the tombstones. On one he saw the inscription: "Not dead, but sleeping."

He moved along a few steps, then stopped and turned, scratching his head industriously. He looked again at the stone and laughingly said: "Boy, yo' sho ain't foolin' nobody but yo'self."

Sphire (pridefully):: "I'll bet you can't guess where I've been."

Prefect: "I can, but go ahead and let me hear your story."

Potts: "My Dad is an Elk, a Moose, a Lion, and an Eagle."

Weber: "How much does it cost to see him?"

A street car motorman, after clanging his bell presistently behind an obstinate coal truck for two blocks, finally managed to get up alongside the driver. The motorman leaned out of his window and just looked.

The tough truck driver brazenly said: "Well?" And the motorman replied: "I know what you are. I just wanted to see what you looked like."

Bubala: "What's an iceberg?"

Gaffney: "Oh, it's just a permanent wave."

A certain enterprising poultryman has crossed his hens with parrots to save time. He used to hunt around for the eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say: "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

Mary: "Have a good time last night?"

Sarry: "Yeah, but take my advice and never slap a fellow when he's chewing tobacco."

PALACE THEATRE

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 13
Karen Morley, Edward Arnold, and Frank Thomas in
"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER, 16, 17, 18
Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall in
"THE PAINTED VEIL"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 19, 20
Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin in
"BY YOUR LEAVE"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 24, 25
Robert Young and Betty Furness in
"THE BAND PLAYS ON"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 27
Laurel and Hardy in
"BABES IN TOYLAND"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 31, JANUARY 1
Anne Shirley and Tom Brown in
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

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Mady Christens and Charles Bickford in
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She: "The nut that holds the wheel."

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